The Beast of Orlock

[Part One]

(Stagecoach riding.)
BARON TEUFEL: Not long now.
LÜGNER: By my reckoning we should reach Orlok shortly before dawn.
BARON TEUFEL: How much is he paying you, the Grand Duke? Whatever it is, I'll double it.
LÜGNER: It's not a question of money.
BARON TEUFEL: (laugh) Don't tell me you're doing this out of a sense of duty?
(Teufel pronounced Toyfull.)
LÜGNER: Fourteen unexplained deaths, Baron Teufel. Fourteen dismembered bodies found in the woods surrounding your castle. Limbs, sometimes even heads, missing. And then in the twenty years since you left town, nothing. I'd say I have a duty to find out why, wouldn't you?
BARON TEUFEL: It was the beast, Lügner, not me. Ask the townsfolk.
LÜGNER: Ah yes. The fabled Beast of Orlok. Born of pestilence. Harbinger of plague. Harvester of souls. Odd, don't you think, that a creature last heard of during the Middle Ages should suddenly reappear after an absence of four centuries? Odder still that it should then choose to disappear just as suddenly, the very same night you leave town for good.
BARON TEUFEL: I told you. It attacked me, and I killed it. How else do you think I came by these scars?
LÜGNER: And yet no-one but you ever saw it. Oh, various farmers reported smelling the foul stench of brimstone or hearing an unearthly wail in the night, but that's superstitious nonsense. You know as well as I do, Baron, there is no Beast of Orlok, and there never was.
(Horses neigh.)
COACHMAN: Whoah!
(The coach stops. Door of coach opened.)
LÜGNER: What is it, Coachman? Why have we stopped?
COACHMAN: Tree down, sir, right across the road.
LÜGNER: Well, can it be moved?
COACHMAN: I'll have a look. Oh! Oh, it don't half whiff. Trunk must be rotten or something.
(Gun click.)
LÜGNER: If this is a trick, Teufel, you'll regret it.
(Roar of monster, horses neigh, scream of COACHMAN.)
LÜGNER: What in heaven's name!
BARON TEUFEL: It's the Beast. The Beast. The Beast of Orlok!
(Smashing of wood. Roar of monster.)
BARON TEUFEL: Fire! Damn you, fire!
(Shots. Roar of monster. Scream.)

(TARDIS materialisation. Birds heard in background.)
LUCIE MILLER: Get a move on, slow coach, or we'll be at the back of every ... queue.
THE DOCTOR: How many times do I have to tell you, I'm not going to go on an... any rides.
(Door closed.)
LUCIE MILLER: Well, that makes two of us. No Nemesis, no Oblivion, no Alton flippin' Towers.
THE DOCTOR: Well, maybe they moved it.
LUCIE MILLER: (sigh.) Admit it, Doctor, you goofed again. Next time I think you'd better let *me* drive. Girls have a better sense of direction.
THE DOCTOR: You operate the TARDIS? (Laughs.)
LUCIE MILLER: How hard can it be? You just throw a few levers, bump the console and hope for the best. I think even I can manage that.
THE DOCTOR: Piloting the TARDIS is an art, Lucie, it takes centuries to master. You can't just stick an L Plate on and go for a quick spin.
LUCIE MILLER: Pff! Well, that's just stupid.
THE DOCTOR: Stupid?
LUCIE MILLER: What - what happens if you get hurt, eh? Or - separated from the TARDIS. Mm! Did you ever think of that, clever clogs? What if you were on board the Titanic with some mincing blonde, and I was on the iceberg with the TARDIS and a load of penguins?
THE DOCTOR: Well, in that case, you'd just hit the LTD button.
LUCIE MILLER: The what?

THE DOCTOR: The LTD button. It's a big red button on the centre of the console. Press it, and the TARDIS homes in on my heartsbeat.
LUCIE MILLER: You're making it up. There's no such button.
THE DOCTOR: There is too.
LUCIE MILLER: Oh yeah? So what's LTD stand for? Locate The Doctor?
THE DOCTOR: Lucie To Drive.
LUCIE MILLER: Ha-ha.
(Gunshot, birds squawk.)
LUCIE MILLER: I don't suppose that was a car backfiring?
THE DOCTOR: Only one way to find out. Come on.

BARON TEUFEL: Fire ... damn you ... fire...
HANS: Don't speak, your Lordship, save your energy. Someone's bound to hear the shots, bound to.
(Gunshot again, birds squawk.)
THE DOCTOR: (distant) Hey there!
HANS: What did I tell you? Over here!
LUCIE MILLER: Oh my God. What happened here?
HANS: I don't know. I came round the bend in the road and found it like this. Everything's been ripped apart. The carriage, people, even the horses.
LUCIE MILLER: I think I'm going to be sick.
THE DOCTOR: Then close your eyes, Lucie, breathe through your nose. Is he the only survivor?
HANS: I think so. I found him trapped under one of the wheels. You'll never believe who it is. It's Baron Teufel.
LUCIE MILLER: Baron who?
THE DOCTOR: Baron Teufel? Well, well! Here, let me take a look.
HANS: Are you a doctor?
THE DOCTOR: Of a sort. Now...
(Tearing cloth. Gasp by BARON TEUFEL.)
THE DOCTOR: It's all right, Baron, I'm here to help.
BARON TEUFEL: It killed them. Killed them all. K...
LUCIE MILLER: Is he ... dead?
THE DOCTOR: Unconscious. I don't understand it. He looks like he's lost a lot of blood. I can't find any obvious wounds. His breathing is steady, his pulse is strong. Everything seems normal.
LUCIE MILLER: What did he mean, "it killed them all"?
THE DOCTOR: That's what we need to find out. Right, come on, you two, help me shift this.
(Movement of heavy-to-lift object.)
THE DOCTOR: And ... lift.

WOLF: Uh?
JUDAH: I can't tell. It's been so many years - his face may have changed.
(WOLF growls.)
JUDAH: Wait! We must proceed with caution or we risk losing everything. We're not the only ones looking for them, remember. Be patient, Wolf. Observe and then act. When the moment is right, we'll take him. The girl too.

(Thunder.)
LUCIE MILLER: Sounds like there's a storm coming.
THE DOCTOR: Then we'll have to work quickly before the rain washes away all trace of whatever did this. Here, catch.
(Something tossed, caught.)
HANS: What is it?
THE DOCTOR: Walking-stick, snapped in half. Could be a clue.
HANS: It must belong to the Baron. See - the handle's in the shape of a wolf's head. That's the Teufel coat-of-arms.
LUCIE MILLER: Let me see. Eugh, it's covered in mud.
THE DOCTOR: Clay, actually.
LUCIE MILLER: Pedant. And it smells.
THE DOCTOR: Smells of what?

LUCIE MILLER: Erm, I don't know.
(She sniffs.)
LUCIE MILLER: Mm, bit like fireworks, I suppose. Hey - maybe it was a bomb that did this,
THE DOCTOR: Unlikely. No scorch marks. Same goes for lightning. Ah-ha!
LUCIE MILLER: What is it? What have you found?
(Rustling of sheet of paper.)
THE DOCTOR: A letter of some sort. "By the authority vested in me, I, Grand Duke Albrecht, the Eleventh of Baden, hereby confirm the holder of this indenture to be acting as my plenipotentiary."
LUCIE MILLER: What's it mean?
THE DOCTOR: Indenture or plenipotentiary?
LUCIE MILLER: The whole thing, dummy.
THE DOCTOR: No idea. We'll figure that out later. Now, where did I put my ... Ah-ha.
(Sonic screwdriver operating.)
LUCIE MILLER: Well, if it wasn't a bomb, perhaps it was a meteorite.
HANS: A what?
THE DOCTOR: Falling star.
HANS: Well, that's possible. We've had falling stars in the Schwarzwald before.
LUCIE MILLER: Schwarz what?
THE DOCTOR: Schwarzwald. It's German for Black Forest.
LUCIE MILLER: Black Forest? As in the Gateau?
THE DOCTOR: Hasn't been invented yet, I'm afraid.
LUCIE MILLER: How do you know? We don't even know what century we're in.
THE DOCTOR: Oh really, Lucie, I would have thought it was pretty obvious from the evidence on offer.
LUCIE MILLER: Oh, here we go again. The Sherlock Holmes routine.
THE DOCTOR: Our friend here is holding a flintlock revolver patented in Eighteen Eighteen by Elisha Collier of Boston, but only exported to the Continent from Eighteen Twenty-Two. When you couple that with the fact that this otherwise intelligent young man has never heard of the word meteorite, which was in common usage by Eighteen Thirty-Four, I think we can be fairly sure that we are in the mid to late Eighteen Twenties, around ... Eighteen Twenty-Eight, I'd say. Am I right?
HANS: Eighteen Twenty-Seven, actually. Look, who are you?
THE DOCTOR: I'm the Doctor, this is Lucie Miller.
LUCIE MILLER: We're travellers. And you?
HANS: Hans Tod, student. Look, if it wasn't a falling star, Doctor, or any of those other things, then what was it?
(Starting to rain.)
THE DOCTOR: Something large, vicious and extremely violent.
LUCIE MILLER: An animal, you mean? What, like a bear?
THE DOCTOR: Much bigger than that, I'm afraid. Whatever did this had the strength to reduce an oak carriage to splinters.
HANS: "Fangs like splinters."
THE DOCTOR: What's that?
(Noticeable sound of rain.)
HANS: Nothing. An old nursery rhyme I used to scare my sister with. "With fangs like splinters, claws like knives, the Beast of Orlok gobbles lives. With brimstone breath and eyes aglow, he'll eat your soul, to Hell you'll go."
(Louder thunder. Toppling-over tree.)
LUCIE MILLER: Doctor, the tree, look out!
THE DOCTOR: Run, both of you, run!
(Fall of tree.)
LUCIE MILLER: Doctor ... (Yelling) Doctor!

(A room with people talking. Creak of a wooden door opened. Walking in.)
OTTO PAUSBACKEN: Fellow councillors, I apologise for calling this meeting so early, and ... with so little notice, but we are facing a crisis. At eight o'clock this morning, a carriage was discovered two miles out of Orlok on the Freiburg Road. It had been smashed to pieces and three of the four occupants killed.
(Murmurs of reaction.)

GRINSEN: Tragic, Herr Burgomaster, but hardly a crisis. Well, doubtless it came to grief in the storm. I must say, I'm finding these endless emergency meetings a severe strain on my patience, to say nothing of my digestion.
(Laughter.)
GRINSEN: If it's not violent youths terrorising the streets, it's plague-ridden beggars or foreign spies, or, what was the latest? Oh, yes. Diabolical gypsies.
(Laughter.)
GRINSEN: According to you, Orlok is beset with villainy and debauchery every minute of every day. And yet, I look out of the window each morning, and our beloved town seems just as tranquil as ever. I fear that once again, you are fussing over a storm in a teacup. Or in this case ... (Laughs.) ... a hiccup in a storm.
(Laughter.)
WOMAN: Very good.
OTTO PAUSBACKEN: I'm sure you're right, Herr Grinsen. Doubtless it was a hiccup which ripped the horses from their traces, and threw them thirty feet in the air!
(Alarmed sounds.)
OTTO PAUSBACKEN: The same hiccup, no doubt, flattened the carriage, before going on to dismember two coachmen and a passenger!
(More horrified gasps.)
OTTO PAUSBACKEN: Yes, gentlemen. Dismember. A word we haven't heard in a very long time. It seems it's come back, after twenty years. The Beast of Orlok has returned to haunt us!
(More gasps.)

(Bang on a door.)
LUCIE MILLER: Hey!
(Three more bangs on the door.)
LUCIE MILLER: Is anyone there?
(Bang on the door.)
LUCIE MILLER: I want to see a lawyer.
(No reply.)
LUCIE MILLER: Oh! I give up. How's the Doctor?
HANS: Still unconscious, I'm afraid.
LUCIE MILLER: He should be in a hospital, not stuck in some poxy cell. They couldn't do enough for that Baron guy. "This way, your Lordship." "You there, get a carriage to take the Baron back to his castle." Not a word of thanks to us for saving his life.
HANS: Oh well, that's different. In the eyes of the Burgomaster, Baron Teufel's an important citizen.
LUCIE MILLER: Burger master? There's a branch of that in Lytham Saint Annes.
HANS: He's head of the town council. God, if my mother ever finds out I saved Baron Teufel's life I'm dead.
LUCIE MILLER: Not a fan of the aristocracy?
HANS: She's not a fan of any "ocracy." Thinks people are quite capable of governing themselves. I've tried pointing out that what she's talking about is actually called *demo*cracy, but she just thumps me.
(LUCIE MILLER laugh.)
LUCIE MILLER: Nobody likes a smart-arse, I suppose.
HANS: I suppose not. Mind you, Teufel seems to get her goat more than the others. He's been away from Orlok for...
(Inward breath of surmising.)
HANS: ... twenty years, but still the very mention of his name sets her off. My sister once said it was a shame we didn't have a resident nobleman to impress tourists. Mother threw a dishcloth at her and told her in fairly colourful language that Teufel's leaving town is the best thing that could have happened to Orlok.
LUCIE MILLER: So why did he leave?
HANS: No-one knows. They say he went travelling before settling down in Freiburg. When I won a place at the University, Mother was dead set against me going in case I bumped into Teufel and was corrupted by his aristocratic wiles.
LUCIE MILLER: So what are you studying, at Uni?
HANS: Ars Philosophica.
LUCIE MILLER: Come again?

HANS: Philosophy. Schiller, Hegel, Goethe and Kant.
THE DOCTOR: Sounds like a law firm.
LUCIE MILLER: Doctor! You're awake.
THE DOCTOR: I have been for some time, I just couldn't get a word in edgeways. My, how you young people witter on. So where are we?
LUCIE MILLER: In jail.
THE DOCTOR: Did we pass Go?
LUCIE MILLER: Afraid not.
THE DOCTOR: Shame, we could have used that two hundred quid to bribe the jailer. Oh! I have the most spectacular headache.
LUCIE MILLER: Well, it's not every day a tree falls on you.
THE DOCTOR: Ah well, that would explain it. Hello, Hans.
HANS: Hello, Doctor. How are you feeling?
THE DOCTOR: On a scale of one to ten I'd give it an F. So what are we doing in jail?
LUCIE MILLER: We're helping the Burgomaster with his enquiries.
THE DOCTOR: Burgomaster? There's a branch of that in...
LUCIE MILLER: Done it.
THE DOCTOR: Oh.
LUCIE MILLER: Anyway, he thinks we might have had something to do with the attack on that carriage.
THE DOCTOR: But that's idiotic.
HANS: I'm afraid what Otto Pausbacken lacks in intelligence, he more than makes up for in stupidity.
(Cell door unlocked and opened.)
OTTO PAUSBACKEN: Don't think I didn't hear that, Tod. You're in enough trouble as it is. Found at the scene of the crime, blood on your hands, and in the company of two foreigners to boot.
LUCIE MILLER: Oi! Who are you calling foreign?
OTTO PAUSBACKEN: It's only my good will that's keeping you from the guillotine, boy.
THE DOCTOR: You must be Burgomaster Pausbacken. I've heard so much about you. I am the Doctor, this is Lucie Miller...
OTTO PAUSBACKEN: I know who you are. It's what you were doing on the Freiburg Road that interests me.
LUCIE MILLER: How many times do we have to tell you, we had nothing to do with those deaths. We only just ... arrived in the area.
OTTO PAUSBACKEN: From where? Not one person saw you on the road between Freiburg and Orlok. Doesn't that strike you as unlikely?
THE DOCTOR: Not really, since we came from the woods.
OTTO PAUSBACKEN: Where you were doubtless lying in wait to intercept the Baron's carriage.
LUCIE MILLER: What? We'd never even heard of the Baron before today.
OTTO PAUSBACKEN: An admirable attempt at ingenuousness, if sadly unconvincing. You knew that was Baron Teufel's carriage, because you intended to rob him. Or worse, to assassinate him.
THE DOCTOR: Poppycock.
OTTO PAUSBACKEN: What did you say?
THE DOCTOR: Poppycock. Claptrap. Hogwash. You know as well as we do that it wasn't robbers who attacked that carriage last night.
OTTO PAUSBACKEN: What was it, then?

(Kitchen sounds.)
GRETA: The Beast of Orlok. That's what she said.
FRAU TOD: Nonsense. Now, take this soup to the man by the corner window.
GRETA: But mother, Uta works for Herr Grinsen. She said there'd been some emergency council meeting this morning and that the Burgomaster had told them all the Beast was back.
FRAU TOD: Otto Pausbacken is a scare-mongering toad. He'd like nothing better than to keep this whole town in a permanent state of panic. Terror equals power in Otto's tiny mind.
(Lids drop.)
FRAU TOD: Oh! Once he has us all cowering in fear he can pass any damn fool law he pleases.
GRETA: But what else could smash a carriage to smithereens, and rip people to bits like that?

FRAU TOD: Enough, Greta! The Beast of Orlok is a myth, a silly fairy story, it doesn't exist. Trust me, I know.
GRETA: Hans believes in it.
(Chopping vegetables while speaking.)
FRAU TOD: *Believed* in it. When he was six. Hopefully your brother's grown up a bit now. But you can ask him yourself later on.
GRETA: You mean, he's coming home? When? Today?
FRAU TOD: This afternoon.
GRETA: (pleased) Oh!
FRAU TOD: It was supposed to be a surprise. Hans is spending the Christmas holidays with us. Now, give that poor gentleman his soup before it gets colder than his beer.
GRETA: Yes, Mother.
(Door opened to sounds of diners.)
GRETA: Hans Tod and Baron Teufel. Both back in Orlok on the same day. I can hardly believe it.

THE DOCTOR: I'm afraid it's true, Burgomaster. If you don't believe me, read this.
(Paper rustle.)
OTTO PAUSBACKEN: What is it?
THE DOCTOR: A letter from Grand Duke Albrecht, the Eleventh of Baden, authorising me to take over this investigation.
LUCIE MILLER: Nice one, Doctor.
THE DOCTOR: I knew it'd come in handy. Now, if you'll kindly release us from this cell, we can get on and find this Beast of yours.
OTTO PAUSBACKEN: Oh, not ... not so fast, Doctor. This letter mentions nothing about Fraulein Miller or young Tod here.
LUCIE MILLER: He conscripted us.
HANS: We're his deputies.
OTTO PAUSBACKEN: He ... he doesn't have the authority.
THE DOCTOR: Plenipotentiary. The word is of Latin origin, Otto, as I'm sure you know, a combination of plenus meaning full, and potenzia meaning power. Now, unless a Burgomaster outranks a Grand Duke, I'd say I have every authority to appoint whomsoever I wish, to whatever position I care to name. Is that clear? Or shall I write to my mate Albrecht the Eleventh, saying you doubt his royal prerogative?
OTTO PAUSBACKEN: No, that won't be necessary.
THE DOCTOR: Good. Deputy Hans?
HANS: Yes, Doctor?
THE DOCTOR: As a student of philosophy you must be good at making sense of the world. Where do you suggest we start our investigations?
HANS: Ah ... well ... we could start by asking Baron Teufel what he saw.
THE DOCTOR: Brilliant! And they say the Universities are dumbing down.
OTTO PAUSBACKEN: You can't just barge into Castle Orlok like some muddy oaf, and start bombarding his Lordship with questions!
THE DOCTOR: Now, don't worry, I'll bombard him deferentially. Hang on, what was that about muddy oaf?
OTTO PAUSBACKEN: I - I - I ... merely meant, you should...
THE DOCTOR: Lucie, remember that broken walking-stick we found?
LUCIE MILLER: The one covered in mud, yeah.
THE DOCTOR: The one covered in clay. Yes. Oh Doctor, how could you have missed something so obvious? It was staring you in the face.
LUCIE MILLER: What was?
THE DOCTOR: This is the Black Forest, Lucie. It hasn't got any clay. It's glacial gneiss over sandstone. So whatever was on that cane...
LUCIE MILLER: Must have come from whatever killed those people.
THE DOCTOR: Precisely, which means we can track it. Lucie, I need you and Hans to fetch the spectroscope from the TARDIS. A few tweaks with the old sonic screwdriver and we should be able to use it to follow the creature's spoor.
LUCIE MILLER: Aye-aye, Cap'n.
THE DOCTOR: Otto, was everything recovered from the carriage wreck?
OTTO PAUSBACKEN: Of course. And I'd be grateful if you stopped calling me Otto...

THE DOCTOR: (interrupting) Excellent. See if you can find the walking-stick, we'll need an exact match for the clay. Right, let's rendezvous in two hours.
HANS: Can we meet back at the inn? Only I told Mother I'd be arriving this afternoon, and I daren't be late.
LUCIE MILLER: Mm, sounds good to me. I'll be ready for some pub grub by then.
THE DOCTOR: The inn it is, then. Now, off with you both, and take care, this thing is large and not very friendly.
LUCIE MILLER: Don't worry, Doctor, I'm in expert Hans. (Chuckle.) Hans, get it?
THE DOCTOR: Get out.
(Walking off.)
OTTO PAUSBACKEN: Er, Doctor, what is this TARDIS of yours?

JUDAH: Well, well. What is something as beautiful as you doing all the way out here in this backwater? Oh...
(Checking lock.)
JUDAH: Locked. Mm! Wolf?
WOLF: Uh?
JUDAH: Load this onto the caravan. We're taking it with us.
WOLF: Uh.
JUDAH: No, no, stay! Did you put up those posters in town?
(WOLF grunts.)
JUDAH: Splendid. Then the trap is set. Now all we have to do is wait for our two little mice to stray into temptation. After all, who can resist having their fortune told, especially by the world-famous Mystic Traveller?
(He laughs.)

FRAU TOD: Mystic Traveller?
GRETA: Palmist to nine royal families and three Popes. That's what the poster said. They're pitching camp at the edge of town, Uta says. If I go now I can be back before Hans gets here.
(Moving of pans and sound of dishwater.)
FRAU TOD: Fortune tellers are all fakes, Greta. They fish for facts, and let you fill in the blanks yourself. Now, bring me another kettle. This washing-up water's tepid.
(Walking over to fetch kettle.)
GRETA: Well, if it's all fake, where's the harm?
FRAU TOD: The harm, young lady, is the damage this kind of drivel does to your brain. A well-ordered mind can achieve anything, Greta. Yours is cluttered up with more rubbish than our box room.
(Water poured into dishwater.)

(Grunting by OTTO PAUSBACKEN.)
OTTO PAUSBACKEN: Plenipotentiary. I'll give him pleni... Ah-ha. At last. The other piece of that stupid stick.
(Grunts.)
OTTO PAUSBACKEN: Now, perhaps I can return to my part-time job as Burgomaster of this ungrateful litt...
(Whirr of the sonic screwdriver.)
OTTO PAUSBACKEN: What in heaven...?
(Whirr of the sonic screwdriver.)
OTTO PAUSBACKEN: Well, well. And what's this, Doctor? A gift from your chum the Grand Duke?

(Clink of glass.)
BARON TEUFEL: Another glass of, erm ... of whatever this is.
THE DOCTOR: It's Eiswien, Baron Teufel. Very good one too. But no, one glass is enough for me, thank you.
(Pouring liquid.)
BARON TEUFEL: I hope you don't mind if I do. I find it an excellent restorative.
THE DOCTOR: Well, you're certainly in better shape than when we last met.
BARON TEUFEL: I have you to thank for saving my life, it seems. That little fellow mentioned it. What was his name now? Podgy? Porcity?

THE DOCTOR: Pausbacken.
BARON TEUFEL: Ah!
THE DOCTOR: Can you really recall nothing of the accident?
BARON TEUFEL: Well, not just the accident, Doctor. I can't remember a single detail of my life before this morning. Which I suspect is a blessing. I don't appear to have been a very nice man.
THE DOCTOR: What do you mean?
BARON TEUFEL: Come. I'll show you.
(Walking off.)

(Bangs on door, three times, then louder four.)
FRAU TOD: (from inside) All right, all right, I'm coming. We don't open until six, you know. That's the law now, and if you don't like it you can take it up with that fatuous fool Pausbacken.
(Door creaks open.)
OTTO PAUSBACKEN: Good afternoon, Frau Tod.
(Horse neighs in background as the sound of it passes.)
FRAU TOD: What do you want, Otto? I'm busy.
OTTO PAUSBACKEN: Then I'll be brief. Is the Doctor here?
FRAU TOD: The Doctor? This is an inn, not a hospital. Or did I miss your latest proclamation announcing the merger?
OTTO PAUSBACKEN: When he returns, give him this walking-stick with my compliments.
FRAU TOD: Why don't you give it to him yourself?
OTTO PAUSBACKEN: Because I have better things to do than waste my time on wild goose chases. Good day. Oh and, er ... tell the Doctor I have something else of his. If he wants it back, he'd better come and see me, and he'd better ask nicely.
(Walking off.)
FRAU TOD: Oh! Pompous little prig.
(Door creak.)
LUCIE MILLER: That settles it. It was definitely him who nicked the TARDIS.
GRETA: But why would the Burgomaster do a thing like that?
FRAU TOD: Petty revenge, Greta. The Doctor needs this cabinet of his, therefore it pleases Otto to deny him access to it.
HANS: Without the TARDIS we'll never find the Beast.
FRAU TOD: The real Beast, Hans, is inside that castle.

(Door opened.)
THE DOCTOR: You've got to be kidding. A secret laboratory in the castle cellars.
(Bubbling sound.)
THE DOCTOR: It's even got an en-suite bubbling tar pit.
BARON TEUFEL: Intriguing, is it not? It seems I was dabbling in science.
(Walking in.)
THE DOCTOR: No, this is much more than dabbling, Baron. Electrostatic generators, bi-electric field dampeners, voltaic cells.
(Electric fizzing noise.)
THE DOCTOR: Still got some juice in them too. This is state-of-the-art technology for Eighteen Twenty-Seven, but what's it all for? What were you working on?
(Passing notebook.)
BARON TEUFEL: According to that notebook, Doctor, nothing less than the creation of life itself.

FRAU TOD: Baron Teufel is evil, Hans, pure evil, and you're a damn fool for saving his life.
HANS: Oh, Mother! Twenty years is a long time. Look, maybe he's...
FRAU TOD: Maybe he's changed? No, Hans, the Devil doesn't change. He just gets more cunning.
LUCIE MILLER: Well, he didn't look like the Devil to me. He didn't have horns, for a start. And there wasn't that telltale Omen music when he eyeballed me.
FRAU TOD: (alarmed) When he did what?
LUCIE MILLER: Er, Looked at me. Sorry, I was being flippant.
FRAU TOD: All of you, stay here. Lock the door after me and don't open it for anyone other than me or the Doctor. Hans, Greta, promise me you won't try to follow me.
GRETA: Follow you where?

FRAU TOD: To Castle Orlok. Now, promise.
HANS: All right, we promise not to follow you.
FRAU TOD: Good children. You know, I love you very much. Look after them, Lucie.
(Walks off, door opened.)
LUCIE MILLER: Sounds like the Doctor's in trouble. Come on, Hans.
GRETA: He can't. Lucie. He promised.
HANS: I only promised not to follow Mother, Greta, I didn't say anything about not going to Castle Orlok.
LUCIE MILLER: Blimey. I bet you were top of your class in hair-splitting.
HANS: I'm not bad at quibbling either.
LUCIE MILLER: All right, Mr Fancy Pants, time to get up off your Ars Philowhatsica and show me where this castle is. And while your mother's distracting the Baron at the front gate, we can sneak in the back door and have a snoop around. The castle does have a back door, doesn't it?
HANS: Well, of a sort. Greta, stay here. Read a book or something.
GRETA: But...
(Door closed.)
GRETA: Read a book?

(Bubbling liquid. Turning pages.)
THE DOCTOR: "I lowered the assembled cadaver into a vat of warm amniotic fluid, and began to charge the suspension using galvanic electricity. After several minutes I observed the creature's extremities begin to agitate themselves." It looks like you were ahead of Mary Shelley by ten years, Baron.
BARON TEUFEL: I don't know what you mean, Doctor.
THE DOCTOR: You can stop playing the innocent. Grave robbing, mutilation, murder? Yes, Baron, murder. According to these notes of yours the best results were achieved using fresh body parts.
(Book thrown down.)
THE DOCTOR: This place must have been a charnel-house, scattered with human remains and yet you say you remember nothing.
BARON TEUFEL: I assure you, I do not.
THE DOCTOR: You're lying. That's why you came back, isn't it? To pick up where you left off twenty years ago. You weren't the victim of that attack on your carriage, you orchestrated it. That's why I couldn't find any injuries on you, and why you've made such a remarkable recovery. You faked it all, to give yourself the perfect alibi. Now, when mutilated bodies start turning up again, everybody's going to blame the Beast, and not the real monster. You.
BARON TEUFEL: You disappoint me, Doctor. I'd have expected more ... from a Time Lord.
THE DOCTOR: What did you call me?

(Metal door opened.)
LUCIE MILLER: Look, I don't mean to criticise, but when I said back door I was hoping for something a little more glamorous than a sewage outlet.
HANS: It's the only way to get inside unobserved.
(Metal door opened.)
HANS: When we were young Greta and I used to play here with Doo-doo.
LUCIE MILLER: Please tell me that's someone's name.
(Door moved. HANS sighs.)
HANS: Doo-doo was our puppy. Anyway, one day she chased a rat through this grating and we thought we'd lost her forever. A day later she was found in the Castle storerooms.
LUCIE MILLER: Meaning there's a way though from here into the castle?
HANS: Precisely. If only I can loosen this grating.
LUCIE MILLER: Move over, Mr Muscle.
(LUCIE MILLER grunt, thump like a kick, grating falls.)
LUCIE MILLER: Huh! And the motto is, if Hans fail, try feet. (Chuckles.)

(Chain moving.)
BARON TEUFEL: You think you're so clever, don't you?
(Smash of chain. THE DOCTOR gasps as he moves out of the way.)
THE DOCTOR: How did you know I was a Time Lord?
BARON TEUFEL: Your clothes, the way you talk, the general air of smugness and self-

satisfaction. That, and the sonic screwdriver!
(Chain smashed down again.)
THE DOCTOR: Listen, Baron, how about we sit down and talk this over?
BARON TEUFEL: Baron Teufel is dead, Doctor, and you'll soon be joining him!
(Chain smashes down again.)

(Noise of rats.)
LUCIE MILLER: Shoo! Go on rat, shoo! That's it, run away from the light.
HANS: That really is a remarkable device.
LUCIE MILLER: It's just a torch. I got it in a cracker last Christmas. The Doctor got a Red Shift Oscillator, the jammy swine. Means you can alter the wavelength of light around you and tan twice as fast.
(Roar of monster.)
LUCIE MILLER: What the hell was that?

BARON TEUFEL: End of the line, Doctor. The tar pit beckons.
THE DOCTOR: Wait. What do you mean, Teufel is dead?
BARON TEUFEL: You saw his body for yourself and yet you were too stupid to realise it. Why would such a small carriage have two coachmen?
THE DOCTOR: Well, if the real Baron Teufel is dead, who are you?
BARON TEUFEL: I am General Zoff, commander-in-chief of the Radzera Planetary League. I tracked those experimental units across sixty thousand light years, Time Lord, and I'm not going to surrender them to a meddling space policeman like you.

LUCIE MILLER: Careful, Hans.
HANS: It's all right. I think it came from down there.
(Splash, nearer roar. Scream by LUCIE MILLER and HANS.)

(Bubbling.)
THE DOCTOR: I don't know what you're talking about, Zoff. What experimental units?
BARON TEUFEL: I think it's time you came to a sticky end.
THE DOCTOR: Zoff, wait!
BARON TEUFEL: Goodbye, Doctor. Or should that be ... tar-tar?
(Chain smash. THE DOCTOR voice fading as though falling.)
THE DOCTOR: No...!

[Part Two]
(Roar of large animal in tunnel - the Beast.)
LUCIE MILLER: It's gaining on us.
HANS: There's a side tunnel up ahead.
LUCIE MILLER: Take it.
HANS: It's narrower in here. Hopefully the creature won't be able to follow.
LUCIE MILLER: I wouldn't bank on it. From the sound of it, that thing's a one-man tunnel widening scheme. Come on.
HANS: Is that what attacked the carriage, do you think?
LUCIE MILLER: Yep. I'd say we hit the jackpot.
(Roars of Beast.)

(Bubbling.)
BARON TEUFEL: Let go, Doctor. You're just prolonging the inevitable.
THE DOCTOR: Isn't that what life is? And besides I have this curious aversion to being boiled alive in a pit of bubbling bitumen.
BARON TEUFEL: Then let me help you to overcome it.
(Chain rattle, gasp of BARON TEUFEL, body falls to the ground.)
THE DOCTOR: Zoff? General Zoff?
(Sound of metal chain rattling.)
FRAU TOD: Grab hold of the chain. Come on, man, we haven't got all night.

(Running, then stopping.)
HANS: Dead end.

LUCIE MILLER: It can't be. This tunnel must lead somewhere. Why dig it otherwise?
HANS: As an overflow channel. Look, the water's disappearing into some sort of sinkhole.
(Roars of Beast.)
HANS: Lucie, I'm so sorry. I've led us into a trap.
(Roars of Beast.)

(Grunting of using a chain to climb out.)
THE DOCTOR: Thank you. Another few minutes, I'd have been tarmac. How's our friend there?
FRAU TOD: Out cold. I take it you're the Doctor?
THE DOCTOR: Yes. Sorry, have we...?
FRAU TOD: Frau Tod. Hans's mother. Hmm, you're younger than Lucie described.
THE DOCTOR: Anyone older than twenty-five is middle-aged to Lucie. Where is she, by the way?
FRAU TOD: With my son and daughter back at the inn. Don't worry, Doctor, she's perfectly safe.

(Roars of Beast.)
HANS: What's it made of? These rocks are just bouncing off it.
LUCIE MILLER: Will you just...
(She grunts, rock thrown.)
LUCIE MILLER: Leave us...
(Rock thrown.)
LUCIE MILLER: ... Alone!
(Rock thrown. Roar of Beast.)
HANS: Lucie, look out!
(LUCIE MILLER cry, splash. LUCIE MILLER screaming.)
HANS: Lucie. Lucie, take my hand! Take my hand!
LUCIE MILLER: I can't ... the current...
(LUCIE MILLER scream, fades away.)
HANS: Lucie? (Echoed) Lucie!

(Bells jingling.)
GRETA: Hello? Is anybody ... Oh, sorry. I was looking for the Mystic Traveller.
JUDAH: And you have found him, my child. Come, sit before me, let me see your hand.
GRETA: Oh, I nearly forgot. Here.
(Coin offered.)
JUDAH: What is this disc?
GRETA: It's the only coin I have, I'm afraid. An old Kreutzer. Sorry, I thought I was supposed to cross your palm with silver. Isn't that what you do with gypsies?
JUDAH: I wouldn't know, my child. I'm not a gypsy. Now, I'm going to pour some liquid onto your hand. Do not be alarmed, it's only water. You're not afraid of water, are you?

(Trudging through water.)
HANS: Lucie...
(Slapping face to revive.)
HANS: Lucie.
(Slapping face to revive.)
HANS: Come on. Come on, Lucie. Breathe. Lucie, breathe. God! Lucie, please.
(No reply.)
HANS: Don't die, please. I'm sorry. Lucie. I'm so sorry.

OTTO PAUSBACKEN: Death has returned to haunt us, citizens. After two decades of peace, our beloved home is yet again besieged by evil.
(Crowd murmurs, one saying "Oh no!".)
OTTO PAUSBACKEN: It is said that the Beast of Orlok walks among us once more.
(Alarmed reactions from the crowd.)

(LUCIE MILLER gasps.)
HANS: Lucie? You're alive.
LUCIE MILLER: Hans, is that you? I thought I'd drowned.

HANS: Shh, shh. It's all right. I've got you.

OTTO PAUSBACKEN: Comfort. Security. Family. Everything we hold dear is under threat.
(Crowd murmur of agreement.)
OTTO PAUSBACKEN: Doubtless you are thinking, why us? What did we do to merit this horror? Such speculation is fruitless. Rather, we must ask ourselves another question.
(Crowd murmur.)

(Bubbling tar in background while tying up.)
THE DOCTOR: How did you know, about the Baron here being an impostor?
FRAU TOD: It was something Lucie said. She described the way he looked at her. I knew then that something was terribly wrong, and ... There. I'd like to see him wriggle out of that.
THE DOCTOR: I don't understand. How can his looking at Lucie be wrong?
FRAU TOD: Because the real Baron Teufel is blind.
THE DOCTOR: Blind? Are you sure?
FRAU TOD: Oh yes, Doctor. (Laugh.) Very sure. I was the one who blinded him.

OTTO PAUSBACKEN: Why now? That is the important question. And for this, I do have an answer.
(Crowd murmur of surprise. Rustle of poster.)
OTTO PAUSBACKEN: I hold in my hand a poster. An advertisement for a gypsy fortune teller who calls himself The Mystic Traveller.
(Crowd murmur.)
OTTO PAUSBACKEN: Even now, this charlatan is plotting to deceive and defraud you.
(Crowd agreement, one saying "that's right".)
OTTO PAUSBACKEN: Or possibly worse.
(Crowd murmur of fear.)

JUDAH: Remarkable. See how the water forms pools on your palm like mercury.
GRETA: It's always done that. The girls used to tease me about it at school. It's one of the reasons Mother doesn't like me doing the washing-up. That and the fact that I once broke her favourite beer stein.
JUDAH: Tell me, tell me, Greta. Do you have a brother?

OTTO PAUSBACKEN: And yet, this mountebank and his gypsy cohorts are not the cause of our current woes.
(Crowd murmur of surprise.)
OTTO PAUSBACKEN: Nor, I maintain, is the Beast.
(Crowd surprise, one saying "Explain what you mean.")
OTTO PAUSBACKEN: This morning, our town saw two new faces. A man and a girl. They claim they were sent from Freiburg, agents of the Grand Duke himself.
(Crowd surprise.)
OTTO PAUSBACKEN: They lied.
(Crowd surprise, one woman saying "What?")
OTTO PAUSBACKEN: This evening I received word that the Grand Duke's agent was Klaus Lügner. One of the men discovered dead at the crash site. The Doctor and the girl are impostors.
(Crowd surprise, one saying "Find them, find them!".)

(Beast in tunnel sniffs, roars.)

OTTO PAUSBACKEN: There is no Beast. It was a trick conjured up by this Doctor and his accomplice.
(Crowd reaction.)
OTTO PAUSBACKEN: Twenty years ago, fourteen souls lost their lives. Our husbands. Our sons. Our friends. Last night claimed the lives of a further three men. How many more must die before the Doctor's bloodlust is satisfied?
(Crowd shouts of anger.)
OTTO PAUSBACKEN: I say no more.
(Crowd repeat "no more!")

OTTO PAUSBACKEN: I say we go to Castle Orlok and end this tonight.
(Crowd agreement.)
OTTO PAUSBACKEN: Who's with me?
(Crowd shout in agreement, one woman saying "I'm with you!".)

(Pacing.)
THE DOCTOR: Frau Tod, let's recap on what we know so far. One, Baron Teufel isn't really Baron Teufel. He's General Zoff, Commander-in-Chief of the Radzera Planetary League.
FRAU TOD: Whoever they are.
THE DOCTOR: Some military alliance, I should imagine. The Radzera System's always at war, with each planet attempting to trounce its rivals. Every now and then one of the planets teams up with its neighbours and has a go at dominating the others, and then the Alliance breaks down again when one of the participants develops a new weapon and decides to try it out on its allies. Same pattern for centuries.
FRAU TOD: Sounds like the German Federation.
THE DOCTOR: Two, this General Zoff is very keen to find some experimental units. Presumably we're talking about some kind of military hardware. It must be pretty important to him. Why else would he travel sixty thousand light years to find them.
FRAU TOD: Why indeed.
THE DOCTOR: Three, he thinks the Time Lords are after them too, which means they're almost certainly outlawed technology, so we're looking at either biological or temporal devices. I think we can dismiss the latter - time destructors and so on - because they're too advanced for Radzeran technology.
FRAU TOD: Which leaves us with the biological devices.
THE DOCTOR: Precisely. Clones, cyborgs, genetic mutations and so on. Four...
(Pacing stops.)
THE DOCTOR: ... Why aren't *you* surprised by anything I'm saying?
FRAU TOD: Because I think I know what these experimental units are.

(Outside, faint wind whistling.)
HANS: How are you feeling?
LUCIE MILLER: Cold, wet and covered in mud.
HANS: It's quite an attractive look actually.
(LUCIE MILLER laugh.)
LUCIE MILLER: Thanks for saving my life. I take it you jumped in after me?
HANS: I didn't have much choice. It was either that or get pulverised.
LUCIE MILLER: You must be some swimmer. How long were we underwater?
HANS: Ten minutes, thereabouts.
LUCIE MILLER: Ten minutes? Have you got gills or something?
HANS: Listen, Lucie, there's something I have to tell you.
(Splash. Roar of Beast.)
LUCIE MILLER: It must have followed us. Run!
(Running off, Beast roar.)

JUDAH: Wolf, tell the others to abandon anything which isn't absolutely essential. We need to leave in under five minutes.
(WOLF grunts in compliance.)
JUDAH: And arm the impulse rifles.
GRETA: What's happening? Where are we going?
JUDAH: To Castle Orlok. That's where Hans has gone, isn't it? I pray we're not too late.
GRETA: Is Hans in danger?
JUDAH: Listen, Greta. My men and I have travelled a considerable distance to find you both. We hoped to make contact in a way that wouldn't alarm you, that's why we're dressed like this. Outlandish perhaps, but still recognisably part of your world.
GRETA: Part of my w...?
JUDAH: You and your brother are very special, Greta. In fact, you're unique. But we're not the only ones looking for you. There's a man named General Zoff, and unless I'm very much mistaken, he's currently inside Castle Orlok. We can't let Hans fall into his clutches.
GRETA: How do you know all this? Who are you?
JUDAH: My name is Judah. I created you in a laboratory, and sent you to this primitive planet

for your own safety.

FRAU TOD: On a moonless night twenty years ago, a star fell in the forest.
(Sound of descent and explosion of fireball.)
FRAU TOD: The Beast was abroad in those days, and none of the townsfolk dared venture out after dark. But I was curious and went into the woods alone.
(Walking towards burning debris.)
FRAU TOD: When I got close to the fallen star, I could see it was made of metal, and had curious writing all over it. In its side was what looked like a door. As I touched it, the door slid open.
(Humming of door opening, hiss, then gurgling of babies.)
FRAU TOD: Inside were two babies, side by side, a boy and a girl. Star children.
(Fizzing of electrics.)
FRAU TOD: They weren't safe where they were, so I picked them up and hurried away from the crater.
(Rumbling of space ship.)
FRAU TOD: I'd barely gone more than a couple of hundred yards when...
(Explosion.)
FRAU TOD: I must have blacked out for a while. When I came to, I could smell brimstone, and thought of the Beast. I opened my eyes, and saw a figure standing over me. He was dressed all in black, and wore a mask. In one hand he carried a bloody blade, in the other, a man's arm, the stump dripping with fresh pitch.
BARON TEUFEL: Where did you find them?
FRAU TOD: I recognised the voice immediately. It was Baron Teufel, the original Baron Teufel. He too was a man of darkness.
BARON TEUFEL: Now, give them to me, Frau Tod. I wish to examine them.
FRAU TOD: "Examine." Oh, such a cold word for two such small and vulnerable creatures. And then it hit me. Baron Teufel was the Beast of Orlok. It was he who was slaughtering people and dismembering them. For what purpose I couldn't divine, but ... I knew I couldn't let him have the babes. I said but one word to him.
(At scene)
FRAU TOD: No!
BARON TEUFEL: Then I must take them from you.
FRAU TOD: As he reached for them, I picked up a burning branch and swung it at him. It hit him full in the face.
(Smack. BARON TEUFEL cry.)
BARON TEUFEL: Oh, my eyes.
(BARON TEUFEL continues to cry out.)
FRAU TOD: I picked up the children, and walked away into the night.
BARON TEUFEL: Come ... come back! Come here, you witch!
FRAU TOD: The next day, the blinded Baron left Orlok. The attacks ceased, and the Beast faded back into legend. The children stayed with me and grew up as my own. I named the boy Hans and the girl Greta. I knew that one day, someone would come looking for them, someone from beyond the stars, and that they'd take them from me.
THE DOCTOR: No-one's going to take them from you, Fraud Tod. Not while I'm around.
BARON TEUFEL: Is that a fact, Doctor?
THE DOCTOR: Zoff?
FRAU TOD: Doctor, I still don't understand. If he's Zoff, why does he look exactly like the real Baron Teufel?
THE DOCTOR: Oh, I expect he's got a metamorphiser. It changes your voice and physical shape. Criminals use them all the time. Have you got a metamorphiser?
(Blast of gun.)
BARON TEUFEL: Enough. Forget about the metamorphiser and concentrate on this. It's a molecular disrupter gun...
(Gun reload click.)
BARON TEUFEL: ... and the results of being shot by it are extremely unpleasant.
THE DOCTOR: What do you want, Zoff?
BARON TEUFEL: What I've always wanted, Time Lord. The experimental units.
(Ropes removed.)
BARON TEUFEL: That's better. Next time, try tying the hands *behind* the body.

FRAU TOD: You're not laying a finger on Greta and Hans. They're mine!
(Walking forwards.)
BARON TEUFEL: On the contrary, I think you'll find they belong to *me*. I paid for them, and if that old fool Judah hadn't suffered a crisis of conscience, I'd have had them by now.
(Electrical fizzing.)
THE DOCTOR: What are you doing?
BARON TEUFEL: Using the power left in these primitive batteries to expand the range of my tracking device.
(Regular bleeps.)
BARON TEUFEL: Excellent. It's closing in on them.
FRAU TOD: What's closing in?
BARON TEUFEL: My Golem.

(Running/panting. Roar of Beast.)
HANS: We're losing it. The trees are slowing it down.
LUCIE MILLER: There are lights up ahead. We must be near the town. Come on.
(Running/panting.)
OTTO PAUSBACKEN: What have we here? The Doctor's accomplices.
LUCIE MILLER/HANS: Pausbacken.
OTTO PAUSBACKEN: Seize them.
(Shouts of villagers.)

THE DOCTOR: You brought a Golem to Earth? Are you insane?
(Smashing caused by gunshot.)
BARON TEUFEL: Careful, Time Lord. Madmen aren't known for their patience.
FRAU TOD: Doctor, what's a Golem?
THE DOCTOR: An artificial life-form, outlawed by Article Twelve of the Galactic Code. Golems are the best soldiers in the Universe. They obey without question. They never give up, and they're made from virtually indestructible aluminosilicate. Of course! Potassium, sodium, calcium, kaolin and feldspar. The clay on that walking-stick. It didn't come *from* the monster, it *was* the monster.

(LUCIE MILLER mumbles of protest.)
OTTO PAUSBACKEN: Where is he? Where's the Doctor?
LUCIE MILLER: If you don't get out of here right now, Pausbacken, you and the rest of your lynch mob are going to get turned into strawberry jam.
(Slap, LUCIE MILLER cry.)
OTTO PAUSBACKEN: Don't play games, girl.
(Roar of Beast.)
HANS: She's telling the truth, Burgomaster. What do you think made that noise?
(Villagers sounds of alarm.)
OTTO PAUSBACKEN: Ah ... Stay where you are. We're perfectly safe. I have the device...
(Whirr of sonic screwdriver.)
OTTO PAUSBACKEN: ... that controls the creature.
LUCIE MILLER: That's a screwdriver, you idiot.
(Close trampling of large beast. Crowd scream, Beast roar.)
LUCIE MILLER: No ... no ... Oi, get off!
OTTO PAUSBACKEN: Not so fast, girl. Beast! I have a sacrifice for you.
HANS: Don't be stupid, man. You can't reason with it.
(Gentler growling.)
OTTO PAUSBACKEN: That's right. You understand me, don't you, Beast?
(Grabbing.)
OTTO PAUSBACKEN: What are you doing? Put me down! I order you...
(Scream by OTTO PAUSBACKEN. Noise of cracking. LUCIE MILLER screams.)

BARON TEUFEL: Excellent. The Golem has found them.
FRAU TOD: Call off your creature, now.
BARON TEUFEL: Too late, I'm afraid. I couldn't, even if I wanted to. Tell her, Doctor.
THE DOCTOR: He's right. Once an order is given to a Golem it cannot be countermanded until the mission is accomplished, even if the person who issued that command dies.

FRAU TOD: But that's madness.
THE DOCTOR: Indeed it is. That's why Golems are illegal in every civilised system from here to Andromeda. They are unthinking, unfeeling, unswerving killing machines. The ideal foot-soldier, in fact. They do the job and never answer back, literally.
BARON TEUFEL: Until now.
THE DOCTOR: So that's what the experimental units are. A new breed of Golem.
BARON TEUFEL: (Laugh.) Intelligent, articulate and unlike their predecessors, capable of learning and adapting to new situations. Fashioned in our own image so they can integrate perfectly with society. They even think themselves one of us.
FRAU TOD: You mean Greta and Hans are ... Golems?
BARON TEUFEL: The first of a new race. Just think what I will be able to achieve with an army of such Golems at my command.

(Walking in forest.)
GRETA: Well?
JUDAH: One man's been torn apart. Another two have been trampled to death. Zoff must be mad to bring a full-size combat Golem to an inhabited planet.
GRETA: Any sign of Hans or Lucie?
JUDAH: Only this.
(Metal sound.)
JUDAH: It's the Doctor's sonic device. I saw him use it at the crash site.
GRETA: Then they *were* here.
JUDAH: It looks like it. And now the Golem has them.

(Doors crashed open. Roar of Beast.)
BARON TEUFEL: Ah! The Prodigal Stone returns, and bearing the precious cargo too.
GRETA: Hans, my boy. Are you hurt?
HANS: Mother. What are *you* doing here?
BARON TEUFEL: My victory is complete. Doctor. I now hold all the cards.
(LUCIE MILLER gasps as she is put down.)
LUCIE MILLER: About time too. Forget about me, did you, rock-brain?
(Thump. LUCIE MILLER gasps. Growl of Beast like a laugh.)
THE DOCTOR: Only half the cards, it would seem, General Zoff. Hello, Lucie.
LUCIE MILLER: Doctor. Oh, are you all right?
BARON TEUFEL: What? It can't have made a mistake. The Golem was programmed to destroy anything not made from aluminosilicates.
THE DOCTOR: Ah, but Lucie's covered in them, Zoff, look. Mud everywhere. What have you and Hans been up to?
LUCIE MILLER: Who are you, my dad? He gave me the kiss of life, if you must know.
THE DOCTOR: That kiss saved your life in more ways than one.
BARON TEUFEL: Enough. Golem, dispose of the Earth female, the Doctor too. We don't want him blabbing to the Time Lords.
FRAU TOD: Doctor!
HANS: Lucie!
(Beast walking forwards.)
LUCIE MILLER: Don't worry about us. We'll be fine.
THE DOCTOR: I admire your optimism.
LUCIE MILLER: We'll think of something. We always do. Any weapons?
THE DOCTOR: No.
LUCIE MILLER: Any ideas?
THE DOCTOR: No.
LUCIE MILLER: Any chance you could stop saying "no" to everything?
(Crashing, roar. BARON TEUFEL laughs.)
BARON TEUFEL: Nothing can stop my Golem, Doctor. Not fire, not electricity, nothing.
(Chain rattle.)
THE DOCTOR: Lucie, take the other end of this chain.
(LUCIE MILLER gasps.)
LUCIE MILLER: Now what? Use it as a skipping rope?
THE DOCTOR: No, a bolas.
LUCIE MILLER: A what?

THE DOCTOR: A bolas. It's a South American throwing weapon consis... Look, it doesn't matter what it is. The point is if we can wrap this around its legs, we can immobilise it.
LUCIE MILLER: We can do better than that. Oi! Mud breath!
(Smash, growl of Beast.)
THE DOCTOR: Lucie, is this altogether a good idea?
LUCIE MILLER: If we can lure it to the tar pit, and if we can trip it up with this chain, then maybe we can push it in, and maybe it won't be able to get out again.
THE DOCTOR: That's a lot of its and maybes.
LUCIE MILLER: Come on! Where's your sense of adventure?
THE DOCTOR: It's at times like these that I remember why I like travelling with you, Lucie Miller. Oi! Clod-face!
(Roar of Beast and stomping forwards.)
BARON TEUFEL: Golem, stop. They're trying to trap you.
FRAU TOD: Aren't you forgetting something, General Zoff? Once an order is given to a Golem, it cannot be countermanded until that mission is accomplished.
BARON TEUFEL: Silence.
(Slap. FRAU TOD gasps.)
HANS: Don't you hit my mother!
(Struggle.)
FRAU TOD: Hans!
THE DOCTOR: You go left, I'll go right.
LUCIE MILLER: See you on the other side.
THE DOCTOR: Ready.
(Chain noise. Roar of Beast.)
THE DOCTOR: Now! And ... heave!
(LUCIE MILLER grunts. Roar of Beast. Splash, roar, bubbles, silence.)
LUCIE MILLER: We did it, Doctor. We did it!
BARON TEUFEL: Well done, both of you. I've never seen a Golem defeated in hand-to-hand combat. A brave but sadly futile act. As you will observe, the odds are ... still in my favour!
FRAU TOD: No!
LUCIE MILLER: What have you done to Hans?
BARON TEUFEL: I shook up his molecules a bit. He'll recover. Which is more than can be said for his mother here. Say goodbye, Frau Tod.
THE DOCTOR: Don't do it, Zoff.
(Laser blast. BARON TEUFEL gasps, falls. Walking in.)
JUDAH: Wolf, you and the others secure the General and take him outside. Assist the boy too. Take him to my caravan to recover.
(WOLF grunts.)
GRETA: Mother!
FRAU TOD: Oh Greta, my darling.
(Running to each other.)
JUDAH: You must be the Doctor and Lucie.
THE DOCTOR: And you must be Judah.
LUCIE MILLER: Judah?
THE DOCTOR: The man who built Hans and Greta.
LUCIE MILLER: Built them?
THE DOCTOR: Later.
FRAU TOD: Will Hans be all right?
JUDAH: He's just had a shock to his system. He'll be fine. Wolf will look after him.
GRETA: Come on, Mother. He'll want us with him when he wakes up.
FRAU TOD: Yes, yes.
(Walking off.)
THE DOCTOR: What will happen to General Zoff?
JUDAH: We've located his spacecraft, and we'll be sending him home as soon as we've cleared the Solar System.
LUCIE MILLER: You're not gonna lock him up, after all he's done?
JUDAH: I think the humiliation and loss of rank he'll face when he returns to the planetary league will be punishment enough. Now, let's follow the others outside. I have a little surprise for you. I believe I may have found your TARDIS.
(Bubbling.)

LUCIE MILLER: Doctor? You don't think...?
(Noise as something comes out of liquid. Roar of Beast.)
LUCIE MILLER: The Golem!
JUDAH: Get back, both of you!
(Laser blast. The Beast roars.)
LUCIE MILLER: Oh! Yes! Got it!
THE DOCTOR: No. No, no, he just set fire to it. Judah, look out.
JUDAH: No! Don't let it get the blaster ... Don't let it...
(JUDAH cry.)
LUCIE MILLER: Judah!
THE DOCTOR: Lucie, get out!
LUCIE MILLER: No. I'm not leaving you.
THE DOCTOR: You have to. The Golem is still obeying Zoff's final command - to kill both of us. If we leave together it will follow us.
(Roar. LUCIE MILLER gasps.)
LUCIE MILLER: Then I'll stay.
THE DOCTOR: No, *I* will stay. Get Wolf and the others, it's the only way to defeat this thing. Lucie!
LUCIE MILLER: All right. But you'd better be here when I get back.
THE DOCTOR: I will be. I hope.
(Beast growl. Cracking sound.)
THE DOCTOR: What's the matter? Cracking up under the pressure?
(Lump falls to the ground.)
THE DOCTOR: You really are cracking up like a big lump of clay in a kiln.
(Roar of Beast, cracking.)
THE DOCTOR: Doctor, you idiot!
(Beast roars.)

(Running outside.)
LUCIE MILLER: Wolf! Wolf!
FRAU TOD: Lucie. What's the matter? Where's the Doctor?
LUCIE MILLER: He's still down there. That Golem came to life again. It killed Judah, and...
(Loud explosion. They gasp. Debris falls, Neighing of horses.)
LUCIE MILLER: Doctor. Doctor? No...!
FRAU TOD: Lucie. Lucie, you can't go back in there.
LUCIE MILLER: No, let go of me. Release me.
FRAU TOD: Lucie, look at it, the castle's collapsed.
LUCIE MILLER: (tearful) I can't just leave him. He wouldn't leave me.
FRAU TOD: Even if he's alive down there, there's nothing you can do. There's not a bloodhound in the world that could locate the Doctor under all that rubble.
LUCIE MILLER: Locate the Doctor. Locate the Doctor!
(LUCIE MILLER running off.)
FRAU TOD: Lucie? Lucie!

(Falling debris. THE DOCTOR coughs.)
THE DOCTOR: Well ... nine hundred years. Not bad. Might have been nice to crack the millennium.
(THE DOCTOR coughs. TARDIS materialisation sound.)
THE DOCTOR: I don't believe it.
(Door opened.)
THE DOCTOR: Lucie.
(Walking out.)
LUCIE MILLER: Big red button my foot. For a start, it's a switch, and it's flipping green.

(Spaceship lifting off.)
THE DOCTOR: There they go. Back to the Radzera system.
LUCIE MILLER: I can't say I'll miss 'em. Wolf and the others weren't exactly big on chat.
THE DOCTOR: Lucie, they were Golems. They couldn't speak.
HANS: They were halfway between us and the Beast in the cellar, I suppose.
THE DOCTOR: A missing link in Golem evolution.

LUCIE MILLER: Weren't you tempted to go with them, Wolf and co?
HANS: This is where we grew up, Lucie. This is where we belong.
GRETA: Besides, Mother would kill us if we weren't home for Christmas.
(Laugh.)
GRETA: Speaking of which, I have an early present for you.
(Metal clink.)
LUCIE MILLER: Oh. Ah! The sonic screwdriver.
GRETA: Judah gave it to me before he ... before we found you.
THE DOCTOR: Thank you, Greta. This little chap and I have been through a lot together. Well, we must be off. Time and tiddlywinks and so on.
LUCIE MILLER: Ignore him. Goodbye, both of you.
HANS: Goodbye, Lucie.
(Kiss.)
LUCIE MILLER: Oh ... Hans!
THE DOCTOR: Come on Lucie, I think it's time we were elsewhere.
(Door opened.)
FRAU TOD: Stop! Stop!
HANS/GRETA: Mother?
FRAU TOD: Oh! I wanted to give you this, to say thank you. I baked it fresh this morning.
THE DOCTOR: A cake? Thank you.
LUCIE MILLER: Mm, smells delicious. What's in it?
FRAU TOD: It's an old family recipe. Chocolate sponge soaked in kirsch with layers of cherries and whipped cream.
LUCIE MILLER: A Black Forest Gateau. And you said they hadn't been invented yet.
THE DOCTOR: They haven't. Don't give her ideas. It's time we were going. Auf weidersehen.
FRAU TOD: Black Forest Gateau?
LUCIE MILLER: You might want to think about patenting that.
THE DOCTOR: (inside) Lucie?
LUCIE MILLER: All right, I'm coming.
(Door closed.)
LUCIE MILLER: (inside) Hey! What happened to Lucie To Drive?
(TARDIS dematerialisation.)